

Dying Day

Gin Wigmore

Lay down your broken head
I can see you cry away your life
Fall like you fell from grace
Soft, but sweetly say
This is my dying day

And if you don't mind
I would like to
Fly, fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly , fly far my way
That's all I'm gonna do
On my dying day

Live, like you never have
Take in all you can
Before the wind decides
To lead like a Mother pleas
Don't let go of my hand
On my dying day

And if you don't mind I would like to
Fly , fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly on, fly in my own way
Where nobody can touch me
Nobody can I'm flying
Flying my own way T
hat's all I want to do
On my dying day

I'm shaken by the cold of the roses that we grow
To give our heads a happy state of mind
And all I need to know
Is where I can go I
f you lock me out and leave me here to die

I will fly , fly far away
That's all I wanna do is
Fly on, fly in my own way
Where nobody can touch me
Nobody can I'm flying
So far away
That's all I want to do
On my dying day
On my dying day
On my dying day